

All Out (feat. Outlawz)

2Pac

We going all out, aight, we going all out, aight, we going all out
Watch your mother fucking mouths niggas That's right
Fuck these fed Niggas Pac
Do it, Do it, Do it. (Tupac)
Come hell or high water
Down to slaughter opposes
Just another lost soul stuck callin Jehova
Outlaw til' it's over
Brandish my strap, back like a cobra
I stay drunk cause I'm a mad man
We're never sober
On a one man mission
My ambitions to hold up the rap game
While I plug holes in niggas like doughnuts
And still
Down to die for all my souljahs, like hillbillies
They don't feel me
So we fued
Bringin' war to the city
With each breath
Death before dishonor
Never let you swallow me
No apologies, your honor
A general in war I'm the first to bomb
With a squad of trusted killers quick to move shit, heavily armed
I'm similar to Saddam
Sometimes I question Hussein
Like fiends fighting for that last vein, stuck in the game
I hit the scene like sand storms
Then transform
Watch me, I take a figga of thirty niggaz, who all got me
While bitches wondering, who shot me, no love
Keep a grudge, shooting slugs like Muammar Qadaafi
Murdered my friend built a new posse
We takin shots at paparazzi
Gon fly now
Nigga like Rocky
You got a lot of nerve to play me
Another gay rapper

Bustin' caps at Jay-Z
(buck, buck, buck, buck, buck, buck)
And still avoid capture
While you all caught up in the rapture
Still after me I'm in Jamaica sippin' daiquiris
No doubt
We used to havin' nothing
Then grabbin something and bustin
Wanted to be the thug nigga
That my old man wasn't
I came to a fear catchin' cases, litigation
Niggaz playa hatin'
Got me crooked in all 50 states
I'm screaming Death Row
Throwing Westside
Ain't no thang
We was raised off drive-by's
Brought up to bang
We claim mob
M-O-B., if you be specific
We control all cash from Atlantic-Pacific
And get this
I'm hard to kill
When I bill with this live spot
Father
How the hell did I survive, these 5 shots?
Live it up or give it up and like demons
Late night, hear em screaming
We going All Out
(Chorus)
We going All Out
Bomb first till they fall out
Take them the war route
With out a doubt
War, which means, we all ride if it's on
Each nigga handle ya own, bring it on strong
If you got bills to pay
Nigga go all out
Busta's playing with your papes
Better go all out
Trying to see the next day
Nigga go all out
Obstacles in your way
Better go all out
(Napoleon)

I'm on my land sled
Walking through the belly of the beast
Feeling like I'm all out, drunk as can be
It's plain to see, who are mob niggas hiding in bushes
Claiming that they ride but they softer than cushion
They softer than bitches in worst way drowning in blood
Outlawz my blood brothers I'd die for these thugs
Say hi to these slugs
It's a shame how some niggas on the west coast
Who was riding with Pac
But when he died they went pop
I mob the Jers' to the fullest lots of west coast love
But after Pac stopped rapping ain't no west coast thugs
Just west coast what?
To my real niggaz stuck in these street game
These rappers like Jay-Z
Who be pumping Kool-Aid through their veins
It's true what I'm saying
Slap your soft ass to the floor
And watch my 4-4 put three holes in your dome
I Ride or Die
While these other fag niggas be biting this
It's all from my heart when I was writing this
Now it's All Out(Chorus)(Kastro)
We all ride
And down to die
Who with us?
Speak up
Or get treated like you coming to kill us
They nothing but squealers
In this rap game swearing they rough
Tattoo'd up
And now them nigga swearing they Pac
Stop that and watch your back
We ain't forgot about cha
These glocks hot
And when shot would bring the bitch up out cha
It's me, Kastro
With the goatee
Walking like an OG
Cause all these fag mother fuckas owe me
I pray to thug lords, like the mother fuckers holy
Frontline soldier, till the heavens, hold me
I go all out
And if you real you real

Feel what I'm talking 'bout cause this game is real
I live it
Forbidden fruit and shoot till they feel it
Living proof Pac breed niggaz they can't deal with
Holler back, right back, and watch your mouth
Or get blood in it
What, we going all out nigga(Chorus) 2XFool, you better go all out
Keep going all out
All my niggaz going all out
Without a mother fucking doubtEy, you niggaz just gone think you gon be a, talking slick on all these mother
fucking records
And we ain't gonna say shit, now it's 99, this is a different grind, (Don't disrespect the Don)
It's still war mother fuckers
So lets see you act like you know

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